THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY, &c.

THE

PLEASURES

OF

MEMORY,

WITH OTHER

POEMS.

By SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

THE TENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUNIOR, AND W. DAVIES,

IN THE STRAND.

1798.

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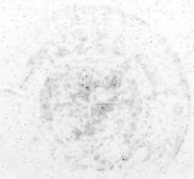

OH could my Mind, unfolded in my page,
Enlighten climes and mould a future age!
There as it glow'd, with nobleſt frenzy fraught,
Diſpenſe the treaſures of exalted thought;
To Virtue wake the pulſes of the heart,
And bid the tear of Emulation ſtart!
Oh could it ſtill, thro' each ſucceeding year,
My life, my manners, and my name endear;
And, when the poet ſleeps in ſilent duſt,
Still hold communion with the wiſe and juſt!—
Yet ſhould this Verſe, my leiſure's beſt reſource,
When thro' the world it ſteals it ſecret courſe,

Revive but once a generous wiſh ſuppreſt,

Chaſe but a ſigh, or charm a care to reſt;

In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,

Or fluſh one faded cheek with honeſt joy;

Bleſt were my lines, tho' limited their ſphere,

Tho' ſhort their date, as his who trac'd them here.

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THE

PLEASURES

OF

MEMORY,

IN TWO PARTS.

Hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui.
MART.

THE

PLEASURES

OF

MEMORY.

PART I.

Dolce ſentier,———————
Colle, che mi piaceſti,———————
Ov' ancor per uſanza Amor mi mena ;
Ben riconoſco in voi l'uſate forme,
Non, laſſo, in me.

PETRARCH.

ANALYSIS

OF THE

FIRST PART.

THE Poem begins with the deſcription of an obſcure village, and of the pleaſing melancholy which it excites on being reviſited after a long abſence. This mixed ſenſation is an effect of the Memory. From an effect we naturally aſcend to the cauſe; and the ſubject propoſed is then unfolded with an inveſtigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that there is a continued ſucceſſion of ideas in the mind, and that they introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. Their complexion depends greatly on the different perceptions of pleaſure and pain which we receive through the medium of ſenſe; and, in return, they have a conſiderable influence on the animal œconomy.

They are ſometimes excited by ſenſible objects, and ſometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former ſpecies is moſt probably the memory of brutes; and its many ſources of pleaſure to them, as well as to us, are conſidered in the firſt part. The latter is the moſt perfect degree of memory, and forms the ſubject of the ſecond.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects; hence also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original: and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he, who feels the infirmities of age, dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigour and vivacity of his youth.

The aſſociating principle, as here employed, is no leſs conducive to virtue than to happineſs; and, as ſuch, it frequently diſcovers itſelf in the moſt tumultuous ſcenes of life. It addreſſes our finer feelings, and gives exerciſe to every mild and generous propenſity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature; and its effects are peculiarly ſtriking in the domeſtic tribes.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART I.

TWILIGHT's ſoft dews ſteal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the ſcene.
Still'd is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peaſants flock'd to hear the minſtrel play,
And games and carols clos'd the buſy day.

Her wheel at reſt, the matron charms no more
With treaſur'd tales of legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor muſic flows
To chaſe the dreams of innocent repoſe.
All, all are fled; yet ſtill I linger here!
What penſive ſweets this ſilent ſpot endear?

Mark yon old Manſion, frowning thro' the trees,
Whoſe hollow turret wooes the whiſtling breeze.
That caſement, arch'd with ivy's browneſt ſhade,
Firſt to theſe eyes the light of heav'n convey'd.
The mouldering gateway ſtrews the graſs-grown court,
Once the calm ſcene of many a ſimple ſport;
When nature pleas'd, for life itſelf was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.

See, thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
Where moſs inlays the rudely-ſculptur'd ſhield,
The martin's old, hereditary neſt.
Long may the ruin ſpare its hallow'd gueſt!

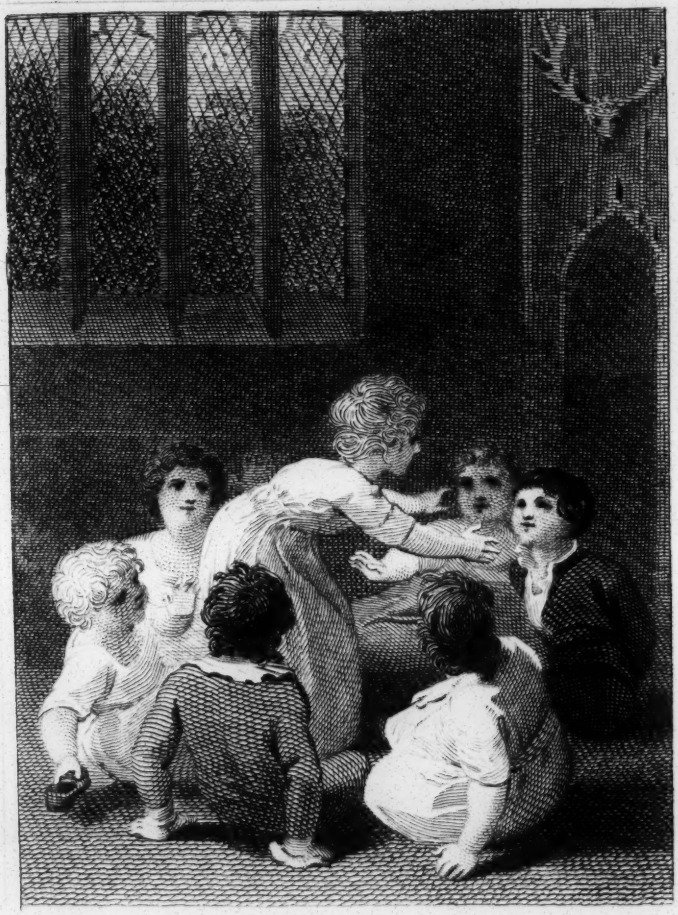
As jars the hinge, what ſullen echoes call!
Oh haſte, unfold the hoſpitable hall!
That hall, where once, in antiquated ſtate,
The chair of juſtice held the grave debate.

Now ſtain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We ſweeten'd every meal with ſocial glee.
The heart's light laugh purſued the circling jeſt;
And all was ſunſhine in each little breaſt.

'Twas here we chas'd the flipper by its found ;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring ;
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildeſt wing.
Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear ;
And orphan-ſorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the foreſt-feats of Robin Hood :
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With ſtartling ſtep we ſcal'd the lonely tower ;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when ſmiling in its ſleep.

Ye Houſehold Deities! whoſe guardian eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere regiſter'd on high ;
Still, ſtill ye walk the conſecrated ground,
And breathe the ſoul of Inſpiration round.

To face Page 12.



T. Stothard del. J. Heath sculp.

'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by its sound.

Published May 29th 1793, by T. Cadell Strand.

As o'er the duſky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The ſtoried arras, ſource of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd ſight;
And ſtill, with Heraldry's rich hues impreſt,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd creſt.
The ſcreen unfolds its many-colour'd chart.
The clock ſtill points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear!
When ſoft it ſpoke a promis'd pleaſure near:
And has its ſober hand, its ſimple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?
That maſſive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet ſooth'd my penſive thought;
Thoſe muſkets cas'd with venerable ruſt;
Thoſe once-lov'd forms, ſtill breathing thro' their duſt,

Still from the frame, in mould gigantic caſt,
Starting to life—all whiſper of the paſt!

As thro' the garden's deſert paths I rove,
What fond illuſions ſwarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening ting'd the weſt,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy neſt;
Welcom'd the wild-bee home on wearied wing,
Laden with ſweets, the choiceſt of the ſpring!
How oft inſcrib'd, with Friendſhip's votive rhyme,
The bark now ſilver'd by the touch of Time;
Soar'd in the ſwing, half pleas'd and half afraid,
Thro' ſifter elms that wav'd their ſummer-ſhade;
Or ſtrew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven ſeat,
To lure the redbreaſt from his lone retreat!

Childhood's lov'd group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and, lo! they live!
Cloth'd with far softer hues than Light can give.
Thou last, best friend that Heav'n assigns below,
To sooth and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend moſſes gray,
Juſt tells the penſive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet acroſs the lawn:
Unheard the ſhout that rent the noontide air,
When the ſlow dial gave a pauſe to care.
Up ſprings, at every ſtep, to claim a tear,
Some little friendſhip form'd, and cheriſh'd here!
And not the lighteſt leaf, but trembling teems
With golden viſions, and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copſe, at evening, blaz'd
The Gipſy's faggot—there we ſtood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her ſun-burnt face with ſilent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of ſtraw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowſy brood that on her back ſhe bore,

Imps, in the barn with mouſing owlet bred,
From rifled rooſt at nightly revel fed;
Whoſe dark eyes flaſh'd thro' locks of blackeſt ſhade,
When in the breeze the diſtant watch-dog bay'd:
And heroes fled the Sybil's mutter'd call,
Whoſe elfin proweſs ſcal'd the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the ſilver piece ſhe drew,
And trac'd the line of life with ſearching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulſe with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honeſt triumph flaſh'd my breaſt!
This truth once known—To bleſs is to be bleſt!
We led the bending beggar on his way;
(Bare were his feet, his treſſes ſilver-gray)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged ſpirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.

As in his ſcrip we dropt our little ſtore,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his prayer, "Long may ſuch goodneſs live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

But hark! thro' thoſe old firs, with ſullen ſwell
The church-clock ſtrikes! ye tender ſcenes, farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their ſhade, to trace
The few fond lines that Time may ſoon efface.

On yon gray ſtone, that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn ſmooth by buſy feet now ſeen no more,
Each eve we ſhot the marble thro' the ring,
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its ſpring;
Alas! unconſcious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to ſhed,
Where now the ſexton reſts his hoary head.
Oft, as he turn'd the greenſward with his ſpade,
He lectur'd every youth that round him play'd;
And, calmly pointing where his fathers lay,
Rous'd him to rival each, the hero of his day.

Huſh, ye fond flutterings, huſh! while here alone
I ſearch the records of each mouldering ſtone.
Guides of my life! Inſtructors of my youth!
Who firſt unveil'd the hallow'd form of Truth;
Whoſe every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd;
In Friendſhip's ſilent regiſter ye live,
Nor aſk the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the ſons of peace and pleaſure ſleep,
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What ſpells entrance my viſionary mind,
With ſighs ſo ſweet, with raptures ſo refin'd?

Ethereal Power! whoſe ſmile, at noon of night,
Recalls the far-fled ſpirit of delight;
Inſtils that muſing, melancholy mood,
Which charms the wiſe, and elevates the good:
Bleſt MEMORY, hail! Oh, grant the grateful Muſe,
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
To paſs the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the ſoul.

Lull'd in the countleſs chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads riſe!
Each ſtamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the varied avenues of ſenſe
Delight or ſorrow to the ſoul diſpenſe,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Controul the latent fibres of the heart.
As ſtudious PROSPERO's myſterious ſpell
Conven'd the ſubject-ſpirits to his cell;
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the ſcene inſpires.
Each thrills the ſeat of ſenſe, that ſacred ſource,
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy courſe,
And thro' the frame inviſibly convey
The ſubtle, quick vibrations as they play.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From Reaſon's fainteſt ray to NEWTON ſoar.
What different ſpheres to human bliſs aſſign'd!
What ſlow gradations in the ſcale of mind!
Yet mark in each theſe myſtic wonders wrought;
Oh mark the ſleepleſs energies of thought!

The adventurous boy, that aſks his little ſhare,
And hies from home, with many a goſſip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to ſee
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The ſmoke's blue wreaths aſcending with the breeze,
The village-common ſpotted white with ſheep,
The churchyard yews round which his fathers ſleep;

All rouſe Reflection's ſadly-pleaſing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild TUPIA dar'd explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the ſons of Science, woo'd the gale,
That riſing ſwell'd their ſtrange expanſe of ſail;
So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his cary'd canoe,
And all his ſoul beſt lov'd, ſuch tears he ſhed,
While each ſoft ſcene of ſummer-beauty fled:
Long o'er the wave a wiſtful look he caſt,
Long watch'd the ſtreaming ſignal from the maſt;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,
And fairy foreſts fring'd the evening ſky.

So Scotia's Queen, as ſlowly dawn'd the day, [3]
Roſe on her couch, and gaz'd her ſoul away.
Her eyes had bleſs'd the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipt the feathery ſurge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues pourtray'd
Each caſtled cliff, and brown monaſtic ſhade:
All touch'd the taliſman's reſiſtleſs ſpring,
And lo, what buſy tribes were inſtant on the wing!

As kindred objects kindred thoughts excite, [4]
Theſe, with magnetic virtue, ſoon unite.
And hence this ſpot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleaſure prompts the Patriot's ſigh;
This makes him wiſh to live, and dare to die.
For this FOSCARI, whoſe relentleſs fate [5]
Venice ſhould bluſh to hear the Muſe relate,

When exile wore his blooming years away,
To ſorrow's long ſoliloquies a prey,
When reaſon, juſtice, vainly urg'd his cauſe,
For this he rous'd her ſanguinary laws;
Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the ſhore.

And hence the charm hiſtoric ſcenes impart:
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms, in Tempe's claſſic vale,
Glance thro' the gloom, and whiſper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluſe with love and LAURA dwell,
And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell. [6]
'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL's tomb, [7]
We bleſs the ſhade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So TULLY paus'd, amid the wrecks of Time, [8]
On the rude ſtone to trace the truth ſublime;

When at his feet, in honour'd duſt diſclos'd,
The immortal Sage of Syracuſe repos'd.
And as his youth in ſweet deluſion hung,
Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR ſung;
Who now but meets him muſing, when he roves
His ruin'd Tuſculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the ſubject ſoul?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
We gaze on every feature till it lives!
Still the fond lover views the abſent maid;
And the loſt friend ſtill lingers in his ſhade!
Say why the penſive widow loves to weep,
When on her knee ſhe rocks her babe to ſleep:
Tremblingly ſtill, ſhe lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face.

The hoary grandſire ſmiles the hour away,
Won by the charm of Innocence at play;
He bends to meet each artleſs burſt of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What tho' the iron ſchool of War eraſe
Each milder virtue, and each ſofter grace;
What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arreſt
Each gentler, finer impulſe of the breaſt;
Still ſhall this active principle preſide,
And wake the tear to Pity's ſelf denied.

The intrepid Swiſs, that guards a foreign ſhore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the ſong ſo ſweetly wild
Which on thoſe cliffs his infant hours beguil'd,

Melts at the long-loſt ſcenes that round him riſe,
And ſinks a martyr to repentant ſighs.

Aſk not if courts or camps diſſolve the charm :
Say why VESPASIAN lov'd his Sabine farm ; [11]
Why great NAVARRE, when France and freedom bled, [12]
Sought the lone limits of a foreſt-ſhed.
When DIOCLETIAN's ſelf-corrected mind [13]
The imperial faſces of a world reſign'd,
Say why we trace the labours of his ſpade,
In calm Salona's philoſophic ſhade.
Say, when ambitious CHARLES renounc'd a throne, [14]
To muſe with monks unletter'd and unknown,
What from his ſoul the parting tribute drew ?
What claim'd the ſorrows of a laſt adieu ?

The ſtill retreats that ſooth'd his tranquil breaſt,
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppreſs'd.

Undamp'd by time, the generous Inſtinct glows
Far as Angola's ſands, as Zembla's ſnows;
Glows in the tiger's den, the ſerpent's neſt,
On every form of varied life impreſt.
The ſocial tribes its choiceſt influence hail:—
And, when the drum beats briſkly in the gale,
The war-worn courſer charges at the ſound,
And with young vigour wheels the paſture round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his ſtaff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From ſire to ſon with pious zeal bequeath'd.

When o'er the blaſted heath the day declin'd,
And on the ſcath'd oak warr'd the winter wind;
When not a diſtant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a ſheep-bell ſooth'd his liſtening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempeſt near;
Then did his horſe the homeward track deſcry,
The track that ſhunn'd his ſad, inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpoſe to relent,
With warmth ſo mild, ſo gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careleſs rein reſign'd,
And doubts and terrors vaniſh'd from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whoſe alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-ſtorm;
And who will firſt his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!

Yes, tho' the porter ſpurn him from his door,
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog ſhall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which paſſes ſpeech.
And ſee, the maſter but returns to die!
Yet who ſhall bid the watchful ſervant fly?
The blaſts of heav'n, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton inſults of unfeeling mirth,
Theſe, when to guard Misfortune's ſacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, tranſports the timid dove
The wreaths of conqueſt, or the vows of love?
Say, thro' the clouds what compaſs points her flight?
Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations bleſs'd the ſight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains riſe,
Eclipſe her native ſhades, her native ſkies;—

'Tis vain! thro' Ether's pathleſs wilds ſhe goes,
And lights at laſt where all her cares repoſe.

Sweet bird! thy truth ſhall Harlem's walls atteſt,
And unborn ages conſecrate thy neſt.
When with the ſilent energy of grief,
With looks that aſk'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
Want, with her babes, round generous Valour clung,
To wring the ſlow ſurrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her cloſing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the firſt to die,
Cruſh'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd from
the ſky.

Hark! the bee winds her ſmall but mellow horn,
Blithe to ſalute the ſunny ſmile of morn.

O'er thymy downs ſhe bends her buſy courſe,
And many a ſtream allures her to its ſource.
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye ſo finely wrought,
Beyond the ſearch of ſenſe, the ſoar of thought,
Now vainly aſks the ſcenes ſhe left behind;
Its orb ſo full, its viſion ſo confin'd!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her ſoul with conſcious triumph ſwell?
With conſcious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of varied ſcents, that charm'd her as ſhe flew?
Hail, MEMORY, hail! thy univerſal reign
Guards the leaſt link of Being's glorious chain.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

PLEASURES

OF

MEMORY.

PART II.

——Degli anni e de l'obblio nemica,
Delle cose custode, e dispensiera.

TASSO.

ANALYSIS

OF THE

SECOND PART.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in ſubſervience to the ſenſes, and ſo far man is not eminently diſtinguiſhed from other animals: but, with reſpect to man, ſhe has a higher province; and is often buſily employed, when excited by no external cauſe whatever. She preſerves, for his uſe, the treaſures of art and ſcience, hiſtory and philoſo-

phy. She colours all the proſpects of life: for 'we can only anticipate the future, by concluding what is poſſible from what is paſt.' On her agency depends every effuſion of the Fancy, whoſe boldeſt effort can only compound or tranſpoſe, augment or diminiſh the materials which ſhe has collected and retained.

When the firſt emotions of deſpair have ſubſided, and ſorrow has ſoftened into melancholy, ſhe amuſes with a retroſpect of innocent pleaſures, and inſpires that noble confidence which reſults from the conſciouſneſs of having acted well. When ſleep has ſuſpended the organs of ſenſe from their office, ſhe not only ſupplies the mind with images, but aſſiſts in their combination.

And even in madneſs itſelf, when the ſoul is reſigned over to the tyranny of a diſtempered imagination, ſhe revives paſt perceptions, and awakens the train of thought which was formerly moſt familiar.

Nor are we pleaſed only with a review of the brighter paſſages of life: events the moſt diſtreſſing in their immediate conſequences, are often cheriſhed in remembrance with a degree of enthuſiaſm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulſe to the paſſions, which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory

is moſt perfect; and ſolitude is her beſt ſphere of action. With this ſentiment is introduced a Tale, illuſtrative of her influence in ſolitude, ſickneſs, and ſorrow. And the ſubject having now been conſidered, ſo far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture, that ſuperior beings are bleſt with a nobler exerciſe of this faculty.

THE

PLEASURES

OF

MEMORY.

PART II.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the ſtream of Time I turn my ſail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-loſt hours,
Bleſt with far greener ſhades, far freſher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;

Thee, in whoſe hand the keys of Science dwell,
The penſive portreſs of her holy cell;
Whoſe conſtant vigils chaſe the chilling damp
Oblivion ſteals upon her veſtal-lamp.

The friends of Reaſon, and the guides of Youth,
Whoſe language breath'd the eloquence of Truth;
Whoſe life, beyond preceptive wiſdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
Theſe ſtill exiſt, by Thee to Fame conſign'd,
Still ſpeak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee ſweet Hope her airy colouring draws;
And Fancy's flights are ſubject to thy laws.
From Thee that boſom-ſpring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright ſun has ſhed his evening-ray,
And Hope's deluſive meteors ceaſe to play;
When clouds on clouds the ſmiling proſpect cloſe,
Still thro' the gloom thy ſtar ſerenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, ſhe gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will ſnatch a fond review;
Oft at the ſhrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some ſocial ſcene, ſome dear, familiar face,
Forgot, when firſt a father's ſtern controul
Chas'd the gay viſions of her opening ſoul:
And ere, with iron tongue, the veſper-bell
Burſts thro' the cypreſs-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy ſtill tremblingly alive;

The whiſper'd vow, the chaſte careſs prolong,
Weave the light dance, and ſwell the choral ſong;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting ſerenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,
To each ſoft note return as ſoft a ſigh,
And bleſs the youth that bids her ſlumbers fly.

But not till Time has calm'd the ruffled breaſt,
Are theſe fond dreams of happineſs confeſt.
Not till the ruſhing winds forget to rave,
Is heav'n's ſweet ſmile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coaſt purſue the leſſening ſail,
And catch the ſounds that ſadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canſt, the ſum of ſorrows there;
Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of deſpair!

But pauſe not then—beyond the weſtern wave,
Go, view the captive barter'd as a ſlave!
Cruſh'd till his high, heroic ſpirit bleeds,
And from his nerveleſs frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, ev'n here, with pleaſures long reſign'd,
Lo! MEMORY burſts the twilight of the mind:
Her dear deluſions ſooth his ſinking ſoul,
When the rude ſcourge aſſumes its baſe controul;
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuſe
The full reflection of their vivid hues.
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's diſtant ſhore;
Beneath his plantain's ancient ſhade, renew
The ſimple tranſports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that muſky Evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;

The oral tale of elder time rehearſe,
And chant the rude, traditionary verſe;
With thoſe, the lov'd companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendſhip truth.

Ah! why ſhould Virtue dread the frowns of Fate?
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudleſs day,
Nor wreck'd by ſtorms, nor moulder'd by decay;
A world, with MEMORY's ceaſeleſs ſun-ſhine bleſt,
The home of Happineſs, an honeſt breaſt.

But moſt we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has lock'd the ſenſes in her chain.
When ſober Judgment has his throne reſign'd,
She ſmiles away the chaos of the mind;

And, as warm Fancy's bright Elyſium glows,
From Her each image ſprings, each colour flows.
She is the ſacred gueſt! the immortal friend!
Oft ſeen o'er ſleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence giv'n,
Whiſpering ſeraphic viſions of her heav'n.

When the blithe ſon of Savoy, journeying round
With humble wares and pipe of merry ſound,
From his green vale and ſhelter'd cabin hies,
And ſcales the Alps to viſit foreign ſkies:
Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the ſaddle rudely rock'd to ſleep,
While his mule browſes on the dizzy ſteep,
With MEMORY's aid, he ſits at home, and ſees
His children ſport beneath their native trees,

And bends, to hear their cherub-voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her ſmile with gloomy Madneſs dwell?
Say, can ſhe chaſe the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing reſtrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?
Paſs but that grate, which ſcarce a gleam ſupplies,
There in the duſt the wreck of Genius lies!
He, whoſe arreſting hand ſublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the ſphere of thought;
Who from the quarried maſs, like PHIDIAS, drew
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly ſnatch'd the wreath of Fame,
The ſpectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.
Cold was her graſp, a withering ſcowl ſhe wore;
And Hope's ſoft energies were felt no more.

Yet ſtill how ſweet the ſoothings of his art!
From the rude ſtone what bright ideas ſtart!
Ev'n now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With ſcenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence theſe ſcenes, theſe images, declare.
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er deſpair?

Awake, ariſe! with grateful fervor fraught,
Go, ſpring the mine of elevating thought.
He who, thro' Nature's various walk, ſurveys
The good and fair her faultleſs line pourtrays;
Whoſe mind, prophan'd by no unhallow'd gueſt,
Culls from the crowd the pureſt and the beſt;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or, muſing, mount where Science ſits ſublime,
Or wake the ſpirit of departed Time.

Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So rich the culture, tho' so small the space,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd?
When Age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,
Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;

With giant-graſp fling back the folds of night,
And ſnatch the faithleſs fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove the impatient mother flies,
Each ſunleſs glade, each ſecret pathway tries;
Till the light leaves the truant boy diſcloſe,
Long on the wood-moſs ſtretch'd in ſweet repoſe.

Nor yet to pleaſing objects are confin'd
The ſilent feaſts of the reflective mind.
Danger and death a dread delight inſpire;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
When, richly bronz'd by many a ſummer-ſun,
He counts his ſcars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelſea's glorious pile;
And aſk the ſhatter'd hero, whence his ſmile?

Go, view the ſplendid domes of Greenwich, go;
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, nobleſt ſtructures imag'd in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
Hail, bleſt retreats from war and ſhipwreck, hail!
That oft arreſt the wondering ſtranger's ſail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc, and the tempeſt's rage;
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm cloſe of Valour's various day.

Time's ſombrous touches ſoon correct the piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each diſcord ceaſe:
A ſofter tone of light pervades the whole,
And ſteals a penſive languor o'er the ſoul.

Haſt thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales purſued
Each mountain-ſcene, magnificently rude;
To mark the ſweet ſimplicity of life,
Far from the din of Folly's idle ſtrife:
Nor, with Attention's lifted eye, rever'd
That modeſt ſtone which pious PEMBROKE rear'd;
Which ſtill records, beyond the pencil's power,
The ſilent ſorrows of a parting hour;
Still to the muſing pilgrim points the place,
Her ſainted ſpirit moſt delights to trace?

Thus, with the manly glow of honeſt pride,
O'er his dead ſon old ORMOND nobly ſigh'd.
Thus, thro' the gloom of SHENSTONE's fairy grove,
MARIA's urn ſtill breathes the voice of love.

As the ſtern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes not ſo deeply in its morning hour,
As when the ſhades of Time ſerenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace!
And as the ſparks of ſocial love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land;
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's ſmile,
The ſtranger greets each native of his iſle;
So ſcenes of life, when preſent and confeſt,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breaſt:
Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the ſocial ſigh,
With every claim of cloſe affinity!

But theſe pure joys the world can never know;
In gentler climes their ſilver currents flow.
Oft at the ſilent, ſhadowy cloſe of day,
When the huſh'd grove has ſung its parting lay;
When penſive Twilight, in her duſky car,
Comes ſlowly on to meet the evening-ſtar;
Above, below, aërial murmurs ſwell,
From hanging wood, brown heath, and buſhy dell!
A thouſand nameleſs rills, that ſhun the light,
Stealing ſoft muſic on the ear of night.
So oft the finer movements of the ſoul,
That ſhun the ſphere of Pleaſure's gay controul,
In the ſtill ſhades of calm Seclusion riſe,
And breathe their ſweet, ſeraphic harmonies!

Once, and domeſtic annals tell the time,
(Preſerv'd in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime)
When Nature ſmil'd, and o'er the landſcape threw
Her richeſt fragrance, and her brighteſt hue,
A blithe and blooming Foreſter explor'd
Thoſe nobler ſcenes SALVATOR's ſoul ador'd;
The rocky paſs half hung with ſhaggy wood,
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock roſe,
And blew his ſhrill blaſt o'er perennial ſnows;
When the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,
Gaz'd on the tumbling tide of dread Lodoar;
And thro' the rifted cliffs, that ſcal'd the ſky,
Derwent's clear mirror charm'd his dazzled eye.
Each oſier iſle, inverted on the wave,
Thro' morn's gray miſt its melting colours gave;

And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that bruſh'd the orient dew,
From rock to rock the young adventurer flew;
And day's laſt ſunſhine ſlept along the ſhore,
When lo, a path the ſmile of welcome wore.
Imbowering ſhrubs with verdure veil'd the ſky,
And on the muſk-roſe ſhed a deeper dye;
Save when a mild and momentary gleam
Glanc'd from the white foam of ſome ſhelter'd ſtream.

O'er the ſtill lake the bell of evening toll'd,
And on the moor the ſhepherd penn'd his fold;
And on the green hill's ſide the meteor play'd;
When, hark! a voice ſung ſweetly thro' the ſhade.

It ceas'd—yet ſtill in FLORIO's fancy ſung,
Still on each note his captive ſpirit hung;
Till o'er the mead a cool, ſequeſter'd grot
From its rich roof a ſparry luſtre ſhot.
A cryſtal water croſs'd the pebbled floor,
And on the front theſe ſimple lines it bore:

Hence away, nor dare intrude!
In this ſecret, ſhadowy cell
Muſing MEMORY loves to dwell,
With her ſiſter Solitude.
Far from the buſy world ſhe flies,
To taſte that peace the world denies.
Entranc'd ſhe ſits; from youth to age,
Reviewing Life's eventful page;
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yeſterday.

FLORIO had gain'd a rude and rocky ſeat,
When lo, the Genius of this ſtill retreat!
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace
The penſive ſoftneſs of her angel-face?
Can VIRGIL's verſe, can RAPHAEL's touch impart
Thoſe finer features of the feeling heart,
Thoſe tend'rer tints that ſhun the careleſs eye,
And in the world's contagious climate die?

She left the cave, nor mark'd the ſtranger there;
Her paſtoral beauty, and her artleſs air,
Had breath'd a ſoft enchantment o'er his ſoul!
In every nerve he felt her bleſt controul!
What pure and white-wing'd agents of the ſky,
Who rule the ſprings of ſacred ſympathy,

Inform congenial ſpirits when they meet!
Sweet is their office, as their nature ſweet!

FLORIO, with fearful joy, purſued the maid,
Till thro' a viſta's moonlight-checquer'd ſhade,
Where the bat circled, and the rooks repos'd,
(Their wars ſuſpended, and their counſels clos'd)
An antique manſion burſt in awful ſtate,
A rich vine cluſtering round its Gothic gate.
Nor paus'd he there. The maſter of the ſcene
Saw his light ſtep imprint the dewy green;
And, ſlow-advancing, hail'd him as his gueſt,
Won by the honeſt warmth his looks expreſs'd.
He wore the ruſtic manners of a 'Squire;
Age had not quench'd one ſpark of manly fire;

But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,
And his heart panted for the chaſe in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, ſweetly-ſoothing power!
Wing'd with delight Confinement's lingering hour.
The fox's bruſh ſtill emulous to wear,
He ſcour'd the county in his elbow-chair;
And, with view-halloo, rous'd the dreaming hound,
That rung, by ſtarts, his deep-ton'd muſic round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confin'd,
His aged hunters cours'd the viewleſs wind:
And each, with glowing energy pourtray'd,
The far-fam'd triumphs of the field diſplay'd;
Uſurp'd the canvas of the crowded hall,
And chas'd a line of heroes from the wall.

There ſlept the horn each jocund echo knew,
And many a ſmile and many a ſtory drew!
High o'er the hearth his foreſt-trophies hung,
And their fantaſtic branches wildly flung.
How would he dwell on each vaſt antler there!
This daſh'd the wave, that fann'd the mountain-air.
Each, as it frown'd, unwritten records bore,
Of gallant feats and feſtivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong?—His only child,
His darling JULIA on the ſtranger ſmil'd.
Her little arts a fretful ſire to pleaſe,
Her gentle gaiety, and native eaſe,
Had won his ſoul; and rapturous Fancy ſhed
Her golden lights and tints of roſy red;
But ah! few days had paſs'd, ere the bright viſion
fled!

When evening ting'd the lake's ethereal blue,
And her deep ſhades irregularly threw;
Their ſhifting ſail dropt gently from the cove,
Down by St. Herbert's conſecrated grove; [23]
Whence erſt the chanted hymn, the taper'd rite,
Amus'd the fiſher's ſolitary night;
And ſtill the mitred window, richly wreath'd,
A ſacred calm thro' the brown foliage breath'd.

The wild deer, ſtarting thro' the ſilent glade,
With fearful gaze, their various courſe ſurvey'd.
High hung in air the hoary goat reclin'd,
His ſtreaming beard the ſport of every wind;
And, as the coot her jet-wing lov'd to lave,
Rock'd on the boſom of the ſleepleſs wave;

The eagle ruſh'd from Skiddaw's purple creſt,
A cloud ſtill brooding o'er her giant-neſt.

And now the moon had dimm'd, with dewy ray,
The few, fine flufhes of departing day;
O'er the wide water's deep ſerene ſhe hung,
And her broad lights on every mountain flung;
When lo! a ſudden blaſt the veſſel blew, [24]
And to the ſurge conſign'd its little crew.
All, all eſcap'd—but ere the lover bore
His faint and faded JULIA to the ſhore,
Her ſenſe had fled!—Exhauſted by the ſtorm,
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form;
Her cloſing eye a trembling luſtre fir'd;
'Twas life's laſt ſpark—it flutter'd and expir'd!

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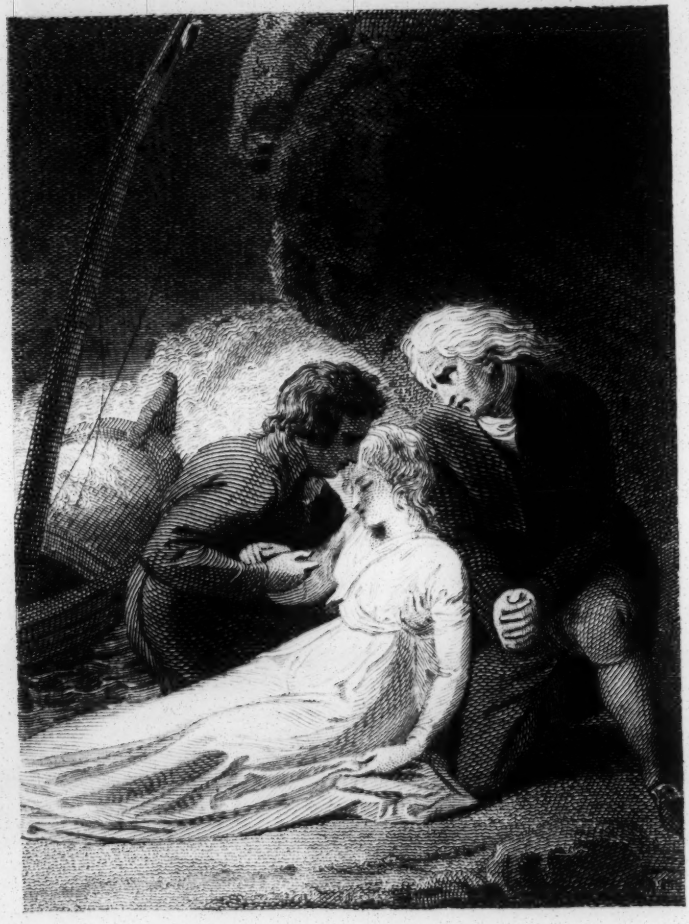

T Stothard del. J Neagle sculp.

Her senses had fled!

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The father ſtrew'd his white hairs in the wind,
Call'd on his child—nor linger'd long behind:
And FLORIO liv'd to ſee the willow wave,
With many an evening-whiſper, o'er their grave.
Yes, FLORIO liv'd—and, ſtill of each poſſeſt,
The father cheriſh'd, and the maid careſs'd!

For ever would the fond enthuſiaſt rove,
With JULIA's ſpirit thro' the ſhadowy grove;
Gaze with delight on every ſcene ſhe plann'd,
Kiſs every flowret planted by her hand.
Ah! ſtill he trac'd her ſteps along the glade,
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd
Half-viewleſs forms; ſtill liſten'd as the breeze
Heav'd its deep ſobs among the aged trees;

And at each pauſe her melting accents caught,
In ſweet delirium of romantic thought!
Dear was the grot that ſhunn'd the blaze of day;
She gave its ſpars to ſhoot a trembling ray.
The ſpring, that bubbled from its inmoſt cell,
Murmur'd of JULIA's virtues as it fell;
And o'er the dripping moſs, the fretted ſtone,
In FLORIO's ear breath'd language not its own.
Her charm around the enchantreſs MEMORY threw,
A charm that ſooths the mind, and ſweetens too!

But is Her magic only felt below?
Say, thro' what brighter realms ſhe bids it flow;
To what pure beings, in a nobler ſphere,
She yields delight but faintly imag'd here.

All that till now their rapt reſearches knew,
Not call'd in ſlow ſucceſſion to review;
But, as a landſcape meets the eye of day,
At once preſented to their glad ſurvey!

Each ſcene of bliſs reveal'd, ſince chaos fled,
And dawning light its dazzling glories ſpread;
Each chain of wonders that ſublimely glow'd,
Since firſt Creation's choral anthem flow'd;
Each ready flight, at Mercy's ſmile divine,
To diſtant worlds that undiſcover'd ſhine;
Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
And all, combin'd, with bleſt effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendſhip, ſoar;
No more to part, to mingle tears no more!

And, as the ſoftening hand of Time endears
The joys and ſorrows of our infant-years,
So there the ſoul, releas'd from human ſtrife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life;
Its lights and ſhades, its ſunſhine and its ſhowers;
As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours!

Oft may the ſpirits of the dead deſcend,
To watch the ſilent ſlumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unſeen,
And hold ſweet converſe on the duſky green;
To hail the ſpot where firſt their friendſhip grew,
And heav'n and nature open'd to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and ſees
A ſmiling circle emulous to pleaſe;

There may theſe gentle gueſts delight to dwell,
And bleſs the ſcene they lov'd in life ſo well!

Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to ſhare
From Reaſon's dawn each pleaſure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walks of happineſs below;
If thy bleſt nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preſerve thy mild controul,
Correct my views, and elevate my ſoul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet reſign'd;
Grant me, like thee, whoſe heart knew no diſguiſe,
Whoſe blameleſs wiſhes never aim'd to riſe,

To meet the changes Time and Chance preſent,
With modeſt dignity and calm content.
When thy laſt breath, ere Nature ſunk to reſt,
Thy meek ſubmiſſion to thy God expreſs'd;
When thy laſt look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph ſhed;
What to thy ſoul its glad aſſurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The ſweet Remembrance of unblemiſh'd youth,
The inſpiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhauſtleſs mine
From age to age unnumber'd treaſures ſhine!
Thought and her ſhadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are ſubject to thy ſway!
Thy pleaſures moſt we feel, when moſt alone;
The only pleaſures we can call our own.

Lighter than air, Hope's ſummer-viſions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obſcure the ſky;
If but a beam of ſober Reaſon play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy froſt-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the graſp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-ſpent hour?
Theſe, when the trembling ſpirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a ſtream of living light;
And gild thoſe pure and perfect realms of reſt,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her ſons are bleſt!

THE END.

NOTES

ON THE

FIRST PART.

NOTE 1. Verſe 198.

The church-yard yews round which his fathers ſleep.

EVERY man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is faſtened to ſome ſpot of earth, by the thouſand ſmall threads that habit and aſſociation are continually ſtealing over him. Of theſe, perhaps, one of the ſtrongeſt is here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once ſolicited to emigrate, "What!" they replied, "ſhall we ſay to the bones of our fathers, ariſe, and go with us into a foreign land?"

Hiſt. des Indes, par M. l'Abbé Raynal, vi. 21.

NOTE 2. Verſe 205.

So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu—

He wept; but the effort that he made to conceal his tears, concurred, with them, to do him honour: he went to the maſt-head, waving to the canoes a long as they continued in ſight.

HAWKESWORTH'S Voyages, ii. 181.

Another very affecting inſtance of local attachment is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville.

See LES JARDINS, par M. l'Abbé de Lille, chant ii.

NOTE 3. Verſe 213.

So Scotia's Queen, &c.

Elle ſe leve ſur ſon lict, & ſe met à contempler la France encor, tant qu'elle peut.

BRANTÔME, tom. ii. p. 119.

NOTE 4. Verſe 221.

As kindred objects kindred thoughts excite—

To an accidental aſſociation may be aſcribed ſome of the nobleſt efforts of human genius. The Hiſtorian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire firſt conceived his deſign among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welſh harp are we indebted for the Bard of Gray. GIBBON's Hiſt. xii. 432. Memoirs of Gray, ſect. iv. let. 25.

NOTE 5. Verſe 227.

For this FOSCARI, &c.

This young man was ſuſpected of murder, and at Venice ſuſpicion is good evidence. Neither the intereſt of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conſcious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was baniſhed to the iſland of Candia for life.

But here his reſolution failed him. At ſuch a diſtance from home he could not live; and as it was a criminal offence to ſolicit the intercеſſion of any foreign prince, in a fit of deſpair he addreſſed a letter to the duke of Milan, and intruſted it to a wretch whoſe perfidy, he knew, would occaſion

his being remanded a priſoner to Venice. See Dr. MOORE's View of Society in Italy, vol. i. let. 14.

NOTE 6. Verſe 240.

And watch and weep in ELOISA's *cell.*

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

NOTE 7. Verſe 241.

'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL's *tomb—*

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthuſiaſt. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Poſilippo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quaſi da un divino eſtro inſpirato*, reſolved to dedicate his life to the muſes.

NOTE 8. Verſe 243.

So TULLY *paus'd amid the wrecks of Time.*

When Cicero was quæſtor in Sicily, he diſcovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inſcription. Tuſc. Quæſt. 5. 3.

NOTE 9. Verſe 257.

Say why the penſive widow loves to weep.

The influence of the aſſociating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when ſhe ſheds tears over the bow of Ulyſſes. Od. xxi. 55.

NOTE 10. Verſe 273.

If chance he hears the ſong ſo ſweetly wild—

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches; cet air ſi chéri

des Suiſſes qu'il fut défendu ſous peine de mort de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faiſoit fondre en larmes, déſerter ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent déſir de revoir leur pays. ROUSSEAU, Dictionnaire de Muſique.

NOTE 11. Verſe 278.

Say why VESPASIAN *lov'd his Sabine farm.*

This emperor, according to Suetonius, conſtantly paſſed the ſummer in a ſmall villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embelliſhment; *ne quid ſcilicet oculorum conſuetudini deperiret.*

SUET. in Vit. Veſp. cap. ii.

A ſimilar inſtance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Poſ-

teaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente forma priore*, infinitis ædificiis circundedit. Hiſt. Auguſt. 54.

And it is ſaid of Cardinal Richelieu, that, when he built his magnificent palace on the ſite of the old family chateau at Richelieu, he ſacrificed its ſymmetry to preſerve the room in which he was born. Mémoires de Mlle. de Montpenſier. I. 27.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteriſtic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguiſh it.

"To a friend," ſays John Duke of Buckingham, "I will expoſe my weakneſs: I am oftener miſſing a pretty gallery in the old houſe I pulled down, than pleaſed with a ſaloon which I built in its

ſtead, though a thouſand times better in all reſpects." See his Letter to the D. of Sh.

This is the language of the heart; and will remind the reader of that good-humoured remark in one of Pope's letters—"I ſhould hardly care to have an old poſt pulled up, that I remembered ever ſince I was a child." POPE's Works, viii. 151.

Nor did the Poet feel the charm more forcibly than his Editor. "I think," ſays that celebrated Controverſialiſt, "you have heard me ſay, that my delicious ſeaſon is the autumn; the ſeaſon, which gives moſt life and vigour to my mental faculties. The light miſts, that riſe from the fields in one of theſe mornings, give the ſame *relief* to the views, that the blue of the plumb (to take my ideas from the ſeaſon) gives to the appetite. But I now enjoy

little of this pleaſure, compared to what I formerly had in an autumn-morning, when I uſed, with a book in my hand, to traverſe the delightful lawns and hedge-rows round about the town of Newark, the *unthinking* place of my nativity."

And again—"I would have met you there on the leaſt intimation. I could have led you through delicious walks, and picked off, for your amuſement in our rambles, a thouſand notions which I hung upon every thorn, as I paſſed, thirty years ago."

HURD's Life of Warburton, 99. 51.

The elegant author of Telemachus has illuſtrated this ſubject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the ſtory of Alibée, Perſan. See Recueil de Fables, compoſées pour l'Education d'un Prince.

NOTE 12. Verſe 279.

Why great NAVARRE, &c.

That amiable and accompliſhed monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, made an excurſion from his camp, during the long ſiege of Laon, to dine at a houſe in the foreſt of Folambray; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheeſe; and in reviſiting which he promiſed himſelf great pleaſure.

Memoires de SULLY, tom. ii. p. 381.

NOTE 13. Verſe 281.

When DIOCLETIAN's *ſelf-corrected mind*—

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amuſed himſelf with building, planting, and

gardening. His anſwer to Maximian is deſervedly celebrated. He was ſolicited by that reſtleſs old man to re-aſſume the reins of government, and the Imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a ſmile of pity, calmly obſerving, "that if he could ſhew Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he ſhould no longer be urged to relinquiſh the enjoyment of happineſs for the purſuit of power."

GIBBON. ii. 175.

NOTE 14. Verſe 285.

Say, when ambitious CHARLES *renounc'd a throne—*

When the emperor Charles V. had executed his memorable reſolution, and had ſet out for the monaſtery of St. Juſtus, he ſtopped a few days at

Ghent, ſays his hiſtorian, to indulge that tender and pleaſant melancholy, which ariſes in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on viſiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the ſcenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth.

ROBERTSON'S Hiſt. iv. 256.

NOTE 15. Verſe 309.

Then did his horſe the homeward track deſcry.

The memory of the horſe forms the ground-work of a pleaſing little romance of the twelfth century, entitled "The Gray Palfrey." See the Tales of the Trouveurs, as collected by M. Le Grand.

Arioſto likewiſe introduces it in a paſſage full of

truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the foreſt,

———Va manſueto a la Donzella,

Ch'in Albracca il ſervìa già di ſua mano.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, canto i. 75.

NOTE 16. Verſe 337.

Sweet bird! thy truth ſhall HARLEM'S *walls atteſt.*

During the ſiege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the laſt extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a baſe and barbarous enemy, a deſign was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.

THUANUS, lib. lv. c. 5.

The ſame meſſenger was employed at the ſiege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.

Hiſt. Nat. x. 37.

NOTE 17. Verſe 346.

Hark! the bee, &c.

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot ſee many inches before her.

NOTES

ON THE

SECOND PART.

NOTE 18. Verſe 114.

Yet ſtill how ſweet the ſoothings of his art!

THE aſtronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea.

See the RAKE'S PROGRESS, plate 8.

NOTE 19. Verſe 173.

Haſt thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales purſued, &c.

On the road-ſide between Penrith and Appelby ſtands a ſmall pillar with this inſcription:

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann Countefs Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her laft parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countefs Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616: in memory whereof fhe hath left an annuity of 4l. to be diftributed to the poor of the parifh of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the ftone-table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and has its fource in the wildeft part of Weftmoreland.

NOTE 20. Verfe 183.

Thus, with the manly glow of honeft pride,
O'er his dead fon old ORMOND *nobly figh'd,* &c.

Ormond bore the loſs with patience and dignity: though he ever retained a pleaſing, however melancholy, ſenſe of the ſignal merit of Offory. "I would not exchange my dead ſon," ſaid he, "for any living ſon in Chriſtendom." HUME, VI. 340.

The ſame ſentiment is inſcribed on Miſs Dolman's urn at the Leaſowes.

Heu, quanto minus eſt cum reliquis verſari, quam tui meminiſſe!

NOTE 21. Verſe 225.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock roſe.

This bird, according to Mr. Pennant, is remarkable for his exultation during the ſpring; when he calls the hen to his haunts with a loud and ſhrill

voice, and is ſo inattentive to his ſafety as to be eaſily ſhot. Brit. Zoology, 266.

NOTE 22. Verſe 230.

Derwent's clear mirror.

The Lake of Keſwick in Cumberland.

NOTE 23. Verſe 323.

Down by St. Herbert's conſecrated grove.

A ſmall wooded iſland once dignified with a religious houſe.

NOTE 24. Verſe 340.

When lo! a ſudden blaſt the veſſel blew.

In a lake, ſurrounded with mountains, the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds

blow in guſts and eddies; and the water no ſooner ſwells, than it ſubſides.

See BOURN's Hiſt. of Weſtmoreland.

NOTE 25. Verſe 374.

To what pure beings, in a nobler ſphere,
She yields delight but faintly imag'd here.

The ſeveral degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and ſome of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and conſtantly ſet before them, as in one picture, all their paſt knowledge at once. LOCKE on Human Underſtanding, book ii. chap. x. 9.

ODE

TO

SUPERSTITION.

ODE

TO

SUPERSTITION.

I. 1.

HENCE, to the realms of Night, dire Demon, hence!
Thy chain of adamant can bind
That little world, the human mind,
And ſink its nobleſt powers to impotence.
Wake the lion's loudeſt roar,
Clot his ſhaggy main with gore,

With flaſhing fury bid his eye-balls ſhine;
Meek is his ſavage, ſullen ſoul to thine!
Thy touch, thy deadening touch has ſteel'd the
breaſt, [1]
Where, thro' her rainbow-ſhower, ſoft Pity ſmil'd;
Has clos'd the heart each godlike virtue bleſt,
To all the ſilent pleadings of his child.
At thy command he plants the dagger deep,
At thy command exults, tho' Nature bids him weep!

I. 2.

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth,
Thou dartedſt thy huge head from high,
Night wav'd her banners o'er the ſky,
And, brooding, gave her ſhapeleſs ſhadows birth.

Rocking on the billowy air,

Ha! what withering phantoms glare!

As blows the blaſt with many a ſudden ſwell,

At each dead pauſe, what ſhrill ton'd voices yell!

The ſheeted ſpectre, riſing from the tomb,

Points at the murderer's ſtab, and ſhudders by;

In every grove is felt a heavier gloom,

That veils its genius from the vulgar eye;

The ſpirit of the water rides the ſtorm,

And, thro' its miſt, reveals the terrors of his form.

I. 3.

O'er ſolid ſeas, where Winter reigns,

And holds each mountain-wave in chains,

The fur-clad ſavage, ere he guides his deer [3]

By gliſtering ſtar-light thro' the ſnow,

Breathes ſoftly in her wondering ear
Each potent ſpell thou bad'ſt him know.
By thee inſpir'd, on India's ſands, [4]
Full in the ſun the Bramin ſtands;
And, while the panting tigreſs hies
To quench her fever in the ſtream,
His ſpirit laughs in agonies, [5]
Smit by the ſcorchings of the noontide beam.
Mark who mounts the ſacred pyre,
Blooming in her bridal veſt:
She hurls the torch! ſhe fans the fire!
To die is to be bleſt: [6]
She claſps her lord to part no more,
And, ſighing, ſinks! but ſinks to ſoar.
O'erſhadowing Scotia's deſert coaſt,
The Siſters ſail in duſky ſtate, [7]

To face Page 96.

R. Westall del. L. Neagle sculp.

—— *Wrapt in clouds, in tempests lost.*

Published May 29th 1793, by T. Cadell Strand.

And, wrapt in clouds, in tempeſts toſt,
Weave the airy web of fate;
While the lone ſhepherd, near the ſhipleſs main, [8]
Sees o'er her hills advance the long-drawn funeral train.

II. 1.

Thou ſpak'ſt, and lo! a new creation glow'd.
Each unhewn maſs of living ſtone
Was clad in horrors not its own,
And at its baſe the trembling nations bow'd.
Giant Error, darkly grand,
Graſp'd the globe with iron hand.
Circled with ſeats of bliſs, the Lord of Light
Saw proſtrate worlds adore his golden height.
The ſtatue, waking with immortal powers, [9]
Springs from its parent earth, and ſhakes the ſpheres;

The indignant pyramid ſublimely towers,
And braves the efforts of a hoſt of years.
Sweet Muſic breathes her ſoul into the wind;
And bright-ey'd Painting ſtamps the image of the mind.

II. 2.

Round their rude ark old Egypt's ſorcerers riſe!
A timbrell'd anthem ſwells the gale,
And bids the God of Thunders hail; [10]
With lowings loud the captive God replies.
Clouds of incenſe woo thy ſmile,
Scaly monarch of the Nile! [11]
But ah! what myriads claim the bended knee? [12]
Go, count the buſy drops that ſwell the ſea.
Proud land! what eye can trace thy myſtic lore,
Lock'd up in characters as dark as night? [13]

What eye thoſe long, long labyrinths dare explore, [14]
To which the parted ſoul oft wings her flight;
Again to viſit her cold cell of clay,
Charm'd with perennial ſweets, and ſmiling at decay?

II. 3.

On yon hoar ſummit, mildly bright [15]
With purple ether's liquid light,
High o'er the world, the white-rob'd Magi gaze
On dazzling burſts of heav'nly fire;
Start at each blue, portentous blaze,
Each flame that flits with adverſe ſpire.
But ſay, what ſounds my ear invade [16]
From Delphi's venerable ſhade?
The temple rocks, the laurel waves!
"The God! the God!" the Sybil cries.

Her figure ſwells! ſhe foams, ſhe raves!
Her figure ſwells to more than mortal ſize!
Streams of rapture roll along,
Silver notes aſcend the ſkies:
Wake, Echo, wake and catch the ſong,
Oh catch it, ere it dies.
The Sybil ſpeaks, the dream is o'er,
The holy harpings charm no more.
In vain ſhe checks the God's controul;
His madding ſpirit fills her frame,
And moulds the features of her ſoul,
Breathing a prophetic flame.
The cavern frowns; its hundred mouths unclose!
And, in the thunder's voice, the fate of empire flows.

Mona, thy Druid-rites awake the dead!
Rites thy brown oaks would never dare
Ev'n whiſper to the idle air;
Rites that have chain'd old Ocean on his bed.
Shiver'd by thy piercing glance,
Pointleſs falls the hero's lance.
Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly, [17]
And blaſts the laureate wreath of victory.
Hark, the bard's ſoul inſpires the vocal ſtring!
At every pauſe dread Silence hovers o'er:
While murky Night ſails round on raven-wing,
Deepening the tempeſt's howl, the torrent's roar;
Chas'd by the morn from Snowdon's awful brow,
Where late ſhe ſat and ſcowl'd on the black wave below.

III. 2.

Lo, ſteel-clad War his gorgeous ſtandard rears!
The red-croſs ſquadrons madly rage, [18]
And mow thro' infancy and age;
Then kiſs the ſacred duſt and melt in tears.
Veiling from the eye of day,
Penance dreams her life away;
In cloiſter'd ſolitude ſhe ſits and ſighs,
While from each ſhrine ſtill, ſmall reſponſes riſe.
Hear, with what heart-felt beat, the midnight bell
Swings its ſlow ſummons thro' the hollow pile!
The weak, wan votariſt leaves her twilight cell,
To walk, with taper dim, the winding iſle;
With choral chantings vainly to aſpire,
Beyond this nether ſphere, on Rapture's wing of fire.

To face Page 102.

R. Westall del. J. Heath sculp.

In cloister'd solitude she sits & sighs.
While from each shrine still, small responses rise.

Published May 29th 1793, by T. Cadell Strand.

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III. 3.

Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,
Hence, with the rack and reeking wheel.
Faith lifts the ſoul above this little ball!
While gleams of glory open round,
And circling choirs of angels call,
Can'ſt thou, with all thy terrors crown'd,
Hope to obſcure that latent ſpark,
Deſtin'd to ſhine when ſuns are dark?
Thy triumphs ceaſe! thro' every land,
Hark! Truth proclaims, thy triumphs ceaſe:
Her heav'nly form, with glowing hand,
Benignly points to piety and peace.
Fluſh'd with youth, her looks impart
Each fine feeling as it flows;

Her voice the echo of her heart,
Pure as the mountain-ſnows:
Celeſtial tranſports round her play,
And ſoftly, ſweetly die away.
She ſmiles! and where is now the cloud
That blacken'd o'er thy baleful reign?
Grim darkneſs furls his leaden ſhroud,
Shrinking from her glance in vain.
Her touch unlocks the day-ſpring from above,
And lo! it viſits man with beams of light and love.

NOTES

ON THE

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

NOTE 1. Page 98.

Thy touch, thy deadening touch, &c.

AN alluſion to the ſacrifice of Iphigenia.

NOTE 2. Page 98.

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth,

Thou dartedſt thy huge head from high—

Humana ante oculos fœde cum vita jaceret
In terris oppreſſa gravi ſub religione,
Quæ caput a cœli regionibus oſtendebat,
Horribili ſuper aſpectu mortalibus inſtans, &c.

LUCRETIUS, l. i. v. 63.

NOTE 3. Page 99.

The fur-clad ſavage, ere he guides his deer—

When we were ready to ſet out, our hoſt muttered ſome words in the ears of our cattle.

See a Voyage to the North of Europe in 1653.

NOTE 4. Page 100.

By thee inſpir'd, on India's ſands, &c.

The Bramins voluntarily expoſe their bodies to the intenſe heat of the ſun.

NOTE 5. Page 100.

His ſpirit laughs in agonies.

Ridens moriar. The concluſion of an old Runic ode, preſerved by Olaus Wormius.

NOTE 6. Page 100.

To die is to be bleſt.

In the Bedas, or ſacred writings of the Hindoos, is this paſſage: "She, who dies with her huſband, ſhall live for ever with him in heaven."

NOTE 7. Page 100.

The Siſters ſail in duſky ſtate.

The Fates of the Northern Mythology. See MALLET's Antiquities.

NOTE 8. Page 101.

While the lone ſhepherd, near the ſhipleſs main—

An alluſion to the Second Sight.

NOTE 9. Page 101.

The ſtatue, waking with immortal powers—

See that fine deſcription of the ſudden animation of the Palladium in the ſecond book of the Æneid.

NOTE 10. Page 102.

And bids the God of Thunders hail.

The bull, Apis.

NOTE 11. Page 102.

Scaly monarch of the Nile.

The Crocodile.

NOTE 12. Page 102.

But ah! what myriads claim the bended knee?

So numerous were the Deities of Egypt, that, according to an ancient proverb, it was in that country less difficult to find a god than a man.

NOTE 13. Page 102.

Lock'd up in characters as dark as night.

The Hieroglyphics.

NOTE 14. Page 103.

Those long, long labyrinths—

The Catacombs, in which the bodies of the earliest generations yet remain without corruption, by virtue of the gums that embalmed them.

NOTE 15. Page 103.

On yon hoar ſummit, mildly bright—

"The Perſians," ſays Herodotus, "reject the uſe of temples, altars, and ſtatues. The tops of the higheſt mountains are the places choſen for ſacrifices." The elements, and more particularly Fire, were the objects of their religious reverence.

NOTE 16. Page 103.

But ſay, what ſounds my ear invade—

An imitation of ſome wonderful lines in the ſixth book of the Æneid.

NOTE 17. Page 105.

Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly.

See Tacitus, l. xiv. c. 29.

NOTE 18. Page 106.

The red-croſs ſquadrons madly rage.

This remarkable event happened at the ſiege and ſack of Jeruſalem, in the laſt year of the eleventh century, when the triumphant croiſes, after every enemy was ſubdued and ſlaughtered, immediately turned themſelves, with the ſentiments of humiliation and contrition, towards the holy ſepulchre. They threw aſide their arms, ſtill ſtreaming with blood: they advanced with reclined bodies, and naked feet and head, to that ſacred monument: they ſung anthems to their Saviour who had purchaſed their ſalvation by his death and agony: and their devotion, enlivened by the preſence of the place where he had ſuffered, ſo overcame their fury,

that they diſſolved in tears, and bore the appearance of every ſoft and tender ſentiment.

HUME I. 221.

THE SAILOR.

AN ELEGY.

THE Sailor ſighs as ſinks his native ſhore,
As all its leſſening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the maſt to feaſt his eye once more,
And buſy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domeſtic ſcene he knew,
Recall'd and cheriſh'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight-view,
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Thro' all the horrors of the ſtormy main;
This, the laſt wiſh with which its warmth could part,
To meet the ſmile of her he loves again.

When Morn firſt faintly draws her ſilver line,
Or Eve's gray cloud deſcends to drink the wave;
When ſea and ſky in midnight darkneſs join,
Still, ſtill he views the parting look ſhe gave.

Her gentle ſpirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whiſpers ſweet hope to ſooth his troubled ſoul.

Carv'd is her name in many a ſpicy grove,
In many a plantain-foreſt, waving wide;
Where duſky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But lo, at laſt he comes with crowded ſail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And hark, what mingled murmurs ſwell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe herſelf! ſhe waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor caſt, the canvas furl'd;
Soon thro' the whitening ſurge he ſprings to land,
And claſps the maid he ſingled from the world.

VERSES

ON A

TEAR.

OH! that the Chemiſt's magic art
Could cryſtallize this ſacred treaſure!
Long ſhould it glitter near my heart,
A ſecret ſource of penſive pleaſure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its luſtre caught from CHLOE's eye;
Then, trembling, left it's coral cell—
The ſpring of Senſibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of Virtue ſhine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign reſtorer of the ſoul!
Who ever fly'ſt to bring relief,
When firſt ſhe feels the rude controul
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The ſage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'ſt in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reaſon's philoſophic page.

That very law * which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its ſource,
That law preſerves the earth a ſphere,
And guides the planets in their courſe.

* The law of Gravitation.

A

SKETCH

OF THE

ALPS

AT DAY-BREAK.

THE ſun-beams ſtreak the azure ſkies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters riſe,
And chaſe the roebuck thro' the ſnow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
High on their iron poles they paſs;
Mute, leſt the air, convuls'd by ſound,
Rend from above a frozen maſs *.

* There are paſſes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with ſpeed, and ſay nothing, leſt the agitation of the air ſhould looſen the ſnows above. GRAY, ſect. v. let. 4.

The goats wind flow their wonted way,
Up craggy fteeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From defert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning-cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's neft, on high.

A

WISH.

MINE be a cot beſide the hill;
A bee-hive's hum ſhall ſooth my ear;
A willowy-brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall ſhall linger near.

The ſwallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built neſt;
Oft ſhall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And ſhare my meal, a welcome gueſt.

Around my ivied porch ſhall ſpring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy, at her wheel, ſhall ſing,
In ruſſet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where firſt our marriage-vows were giv'n,
With merry peals ſhall ſwell the breeze,
And point with taper ſpire to heav'n.

AN

ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Cloſe by my cot ſhe tells her tale
To every paſſing villager.
The ſquirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And ſhells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic ſound;

Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For thoſe that win the race at eve.

The ſhepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the ſilent green-wood ſhade;
Theſe ſimple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

FINIS

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